

A  
P O E M  
Congratulatory  
ON THE  
B I R T H  
OF THE  
Young P R I N C E,

Most Humbly Dedicated to their  
August MAJESTIES  
KING JAMES, and QUEEN MART.

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Written by M<sup>r</sup> D'URFEE.

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*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris  
Fata donavere, bonique divi, nec dabant,  
Quamvis redeant in Aurum Tempora priscum.* Horace Lib. 4. Ode 2.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Joseph Knight and Francis Saunders, at the Blue Anchor, in  
the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1688.

POPULAR

CONSTITUTIONAL

ON THE

DEBILITY

OF THE

YOUNG PRINCE

Most Humbly Dedicated to their

August MAJESTIES

KING JAMES, and QUEEN MARY.

Written by M. D. H. 1688

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in the Strand, near the Temple.

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A

# POEM

## Congratulatory

ON THE

# BIRTH

OF THE

# Young PRINCE.

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I.

**A**S in a fullen Cloudy backward Spring,  
The Husbandman as Cloudy does appear,  
Mourning to see his Plants no Blossoms bring,  
To Crown the Beauty of the ripening Year.

A 3

The

# A POEM Congratulatory.

## II.

The Sun o' th' suddain dissipates his fears,  
From whose kind heat each Plant a Soul obtains ;  
His griefs are turn'd to Joy, to Smiles his Tears,  
Seeing (though late) the Off-spring of his Pains.

## III.

So when your People, Sir, that wish'd your Fame,  
And knew that Kings, though Sacred, Mortal are ;  
Doubted an Heir to your Immortal Name,  
And Night might come without an Evening Star.

## IV.

When Ominous Mistrust fill'd every Breast,  
And Sadness there did like a Chaos show ;  
Th' Eternal dash'd the Darkness from the East,  
And said, Let there be Light, and it was so.

## V.

Then kindled Atoms form'd a Beam so bright,  
The dazling Joy three Kingdoms did adorn ;  
All Nature seem'd to revel in delight,  
That happy Minute when the Prince was Born.

Each

## VI.

Each friendly Star shot his propitious Ray,  
And blest the Morning of his Royal Birth,  
Foretelling the Meridian of his Day  
Would spread his Glory through the spacious Earth.

## VII.

Amazing Pleasure the Beholders seis'd,  
When Goddess Nature first expos'd a Boy;  
The Gracious Mother in her Pangs was pleas'd:  
But who can speak the Mighty Father's Joy?

## VIII.

Such was their Joy who by the Rainbow knew  
The sinful World should delug'd be no more;  
Such hers, who at the Blessed Virgins view  
Perceiv'd the Mighty Prophet that she bore.

## IX.

Hail then, Great Monarch, Parent of us all;  
Glad Father of an Off-spring now more dear:  
Permit me grov'ling at thy Feet to fall,  
And shew my Hearts true Joy and Duty there.



*A P O E M* Congratulatory.

X.

No hollow Sounds of Temporizing Love;  
Nor byas'd Duty taints my Loyal Breast;  
A solid Faith does my Allegiance move;  
And what I now, I always have exprest.

XI.

Duty compell'd's an Artificial Cheat,  
A Dull false Pebble clos'd in Metal base;  
'Tis Inclination always best can set  
A Gem so proper for a Monatch's Grace.

XII.

A Loyalty, that Care nor yet Distress,  
Nor Friends Allurements, Threats of Foes, nor Fear,  
Not proffer'd Wealth, Reproof, nor yet Disgrace  
Can alter, is the Gem we ought to wear.

XIII.

Since Kings can do no wrong, what strange Decree  
Is that, which can Allegiance backward draw?  
Duty Chief Point should of Religion be,  
And an Obedience Passive should be Law.

The

XIV.

The Curr that snarls at Edicts of his King,  
Methinks should freight set up a *Monarch School*,  
And perfect in the knack of Governing,  
Teach his Anointed Sovereign how to Rule.

XV.

Desire him to give up his Regal Power,  
And veil his Judgment to *Plebeian Tricks* ;  
Thus let the awful Lyon reign no more,  
Because the As would vent his Politicks.

XVI.

Let such as he repine at that blest day,  
That gave this best of Blessings to our view ;  
Whilst I in Hymns of Joy all Glory pay,  
To Heaven first, and then, Great Sir, to You.

XVII.

Next, Hayl most bright, and most ador'd of *Queens*,  
To whom all sects do publick praise allow ;  
Opinions most precise subdue their Spleens,  
And *Ave Maries* are most proper now.

## XVIII.

To You by Heaven ordain'd the Sacred Mold,  
 That to Enrich us this bright Medal Coyn'd;  
 More dear than Diamond Rocks, or Worlds of Gold,  
 What thanks, ah! what Addresses shall we find!

## XIX.

Like needy Bankrupts wasted is our Store,  
 Which wishes to supply can never serve:  
 All Pens too worthless are, all Words too poor,  
 T' express the mighty Praise that You deserve.

## XX.

Well have your strict Religious Vows been paid  
 To Heaven, since your chief Suit is granted there;  
 Who would not be by your Example led,  
 If Gifts like This are the Effect of Prayer.

## XXI.

And who the Crowded Paths of Court has trod,  
 That your untir'd Devotion has not seen?  
 Ador'd by Men, and so belov'd of God,  
 You more of Saint discover than of Queen.

With



XXII.

With Pity stor'd and every Royal Grace,  
So well You Your Majestick Part have plaid;  
What were great Bounty in another place,  
To you seems as a Debt but justly paid.

XXIII.

Uncommon Vertue gains uncommon Grace,  
Well may the Stoick grant her Life is pure,  
Whose pious thoughts so firm in Heaven are plac'd,  
No Worldly Pomp, or Grandeur can allure.

XXIV.

Who can too loud your Joy and Fortune sing,  
A Joy that o're all other far prevails;  
Since Bounteous Heaven has sent the only thing  
You wanted upon Earth, *A Prince of Wales?*

XXV.

A Rising Sun to influence this Isle,  
Divinely form'd, all Heroe from the Womb;  
Methinks I see the Royal Infant smile,  
As if he knew his Glorious Fate to come.

## XXVI.

A Fate that my Prophetick Soul Divines,  
 O're Foreign Nations shall extend its Power;  
 Whilst to Obedience Home-born Rage declines,  
 And English Rebels shall be found no more.

## XXVII.

His very Name has proud Sedition hush'd,  
 And Babling Faction has no more to say;  
 His Infant Glory has their Envy crush'd,  
 Whilst press'd by Fear dissembled Love they pay.

## XXVIII.

Upon his Foes th' Illustrious Babe does smile,  
 Though at his Feet pale Treachery bows down,  
 As if he knew and scorn'd each subtle wile  
 Design'd against him, or his Fathers Crown.

## XXIX.

Alcides so in his large Cradle lay,  
 Strangling Rebellious Vipers with his hand;  
 By Envy sent t' oppose his future sway,  
 Who ere his Birth was modell'd for Command.

## XXX.

To Natures Care belongs the Common Mould;  
Slight second Causes form *Plebeian* Earth;  
But when a King is Cast, a Senate's call'd,  
And Angels sit in Council at his Birth.

## XXXI.

Wit, Valour, Beauty, Fortunate Success,  
Each Heavenly Officer in order brings;  
And by Command from the Eternal, Bless  
This Mighty Offspring of the best of Kings.

## XXXII.

Thus though your Reign, Great Sir, in broils began;  
Till *Phaeton* came tumbling from the Sky;  
Bringing the Stubborn Rabble Headlong down,  
To Curse a Lunatick that soar'd too high;

## XXXIII.

With real Joy may all your People see  
What wondrous Blessings Heaven had in store,  
That from Lifes greatest dangers set you free  
Of stormy Sea, and the more stormy shore.

## XXXIV.

And now to Close all Blessings up in one,  
 And give your Royal Heart true Cause of Bliss;  
 Great Providence presents you with a Son,  
 And to your Kingdoms boundless Happiness.

## XXXV.

All Joy to *Cæsar* then, and to the Queen,  
 And to *Augusta* \*, if true Joy she knows;  
 Though to her Shame she has once War'ring been,  
 And to her Mighty Lord a Faithless Spouse.

## XXXVI.

Pamper'd and Proud, of a true City Race,  
 Under Devotions Veil contriving ill;  
 Wrong is the Zeal Allegiance does not Grace,  
 And false the Church that teaches to Rebel.

## XXXVII.

Our *Holy Matron* ne're such Doctrine taught,  
 Her Principles of Faith all Loyal are;  
 Founded on Truth, and from Tradition wrought,  
 Clear as the Light, and shining as a Star.

## XXXVIII.

Enthusiastick Schism the humour leads  
 Of such as can no Monarchy endure;  
 Effects of sickly Brains, and empty Heads,  
 And Treasonous Railing is, they think, a Cure.

## XXXIX.

The Wise man speaks no ill, but hopes all right,  
 Nor looks too near the Sun lest light should fail;  
 So th' brave not Conquering his Foe in fight,  
 Allows it base behind his back to rail.

## XLIX.

But Carping *Momus* in each Age must be  
 A *Zany* plac'd to make a Monarch sport;  
 The Fop and Parasite we often see,  
 Are two Essential Figures in a Court.

## XLIIX.

Yet useful Law and Learning flourish there,  
 But above all the Souldier leads the Van;  
 Whilst humble Poetry brings up the Rear,  
 And ever to his grief is hindmost Man.

Inspiring



## XLII.

Inspiring Poetry that decks the Mind  
 With Reasons richest Phrase to speak to Kings;  
 And as a Gift peculiar was design'd,  
 To treat of Mighty Heroes mighty things.

## XLIII.

Wits trueſt Mirrour where it ſees its Face,  
 Adorn'd with modeſt, as with Beauteous Charms;  
 And own'd by all th' Illuſtrious Roman Race,  
 Embellishment for Kings as well as Arms:

## XLIV.

Now lonely walks with ſad dejected look,  
 Whom Ignorance beholds with ſcornful Eyes;  
 As if it were a ſhame to know a Book,  
 And a diſgraceful ſcandal to be Wiſe.

## XLV.

But you, Great Sir, the Engliſh Muſes King,  
 Cheer their Cold hopes with Beams of Royal Grace;  
 Elſe periſh'd were the Fam'd Caſtalian Spring,  
 And wholly Ruin'd Great Apollo's Race.

A com-

## XLVI.

A common genius common Souls Inspires,  
 Coyn'd off in haſt, each to his poſt is hurl'd;  
 Poets have part of that Celeſtial Fire,  
 That makes a King contemn the ſordid World.

## XLVII.

With Wealth and Arms your Empire, Sir, is bleſt;  
 With Noble Arts I hope will flouriſh too:  
 The Engliſh Imitate old Romans beſt,  
 And we the Fam'd *Augustus* find in You.

## XLVIII.

And may this Royal Babe, Your Kingdoms Joy,  
 The Riccheſt Gem, that does Your Crown Adorn;  
 His Youth by Grace and Vertue dignify,  
 That all may Bleſs the Minute He was Born.

## XLIX.

May his Great Valour o're the World be known,  
 Whilſt bleſt Succeſs each Glorious Act Proclaims;  
 May Hiſtory be fill'd with his Renown,  
 And the Fourth \* *Edward* Vail to the Third *James*.

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\* *Edward the Black Prince, who won the Battails of Crefſy and Poictiers, &c.  
 and took the French King Priſoner.*

L.

And may Your Sacred Self live long and Reign,  
 With Your Bright Consort sharing lasting Joy;  
 May Heaven inform the Genial Bed again,  
 And soon produce a second Royal Boy.

LI.

May Golden Peace with Pleasure guild Your Days,  
 From Rebels free, and Treasons Hellish Arts;  
 Health, Fame and Unity, Your Grandeur raise,  
 Kings then Reign best, that govern Subjects Hearts.

F I N I S.







